

The Echoing Green, Goodbye

An empty photograph
a lonely picture of my heart...
unexpressed.

And all this sentiment
that I've chose to keep at bay
has left a debt that I can't pay

The feelings on my mind
I save them for another time
Tomorrow - it never comes
and I still feel the sorrow

Now all that's left are memories
promises and guarantees of tomorrow
I never thought
that this would be the last time
that we'd say
goodbye
goodbye
goodbye

The little things that I remember
seem to fade away like shifting sand
If only...
I could touch your hand
and try to turn back time
and all the things I'd say instead
but words unsaid are left for dead

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Tomorrow - it never comes
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